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### LITERARY.

#### SAINTE PÉLAGIE.

[BY THE HERMIT IN FRANCE.]

##### PART II.

"There's mercy both for man and beast in God's indulgent plan,  
There's mercy for each creeping thing—but man has none for man."

HAVING given a short sketch of the hard laws which subject the stranger to the rigours of confinement in such a prison, I shall now come to the inhabitants.—They are numerous, and of great variety:—Christians and Jews, of all ranks, of all countries, and of all professions; I found even Cossacks, Moldavians, and Wallachians within these gloomy walls, and titles as lofty and high-sounding as ever were announced at a levee, or filled the lengthy page of a court kalendar. Amongst the English prisoners, the brother of a noble marquis had nearly breathed his last under this fatal roof, for he was just removed to die in a less disgraceful place; I shall, however, not dwell on the subject of the thoughtless debtor immured here, because he offers no variety, being invariably sad, taciturn, and miserable in the superlative degree; the Gaul was above misfortune, and much might be observed from him.

In one corner of a shabby apartment was to be found an officer who had distinguished himself in many a battle; of his honours and military trappings nothing remained but a foraging cap, embroidered with gold, very much tarnished, and an immense growth of hair on his cheeks and upper lip; confinement had given him an air of disdain, as if he frowned on misfortune, and upbraided his country for his present fate. In another nook sat a great speculator working with figures, and assuring his companions that he had at last hit upon a scheme to make an overgrown fortune, could he only get liberated, and adding, "*quelle bagatelle!* what a trifle! the miserable three thousand francs for which I am detained, but my creditors

shall pay dear for it;" a flush now passed across his countenance, and he looked cheerfully after it, and returned to his ciphers. Here was a count born of illustrious ancestry, making his soup with the utmost composure, equipped in a jacket and nightcap; there, a young cavalier breathing nothing but love and glory, and penning an amorous epistle, with the view of touching the purse of a financier's widow. Reposing on a wretched bed, and leaning on one elbow, a ruined exquisite was tuning his guitar, whilst two young dragoons were singing a duet, as gaily as if they had been in a painted saloon; one of them had his mistress's miniature round his neck, the other was foppishly attired in a great coat with many capes, morocco boots, and a travelling cap, put rakishly on; now you would see two mustach'd heroes waltzing to kill time, whilst the spectators, with each a segar in his mouth, were smoking life away! "Ah! ah! and *que voulez-vous?*" with a shrug of the shoulders were all their complaining, although they had been in confinement above one year. Nor were amusements excluded from this place of captivity; gaming, dancing, singing, love-making, and the resources of the arts, were all to be found in their turn. A poor author inhabited a corner fringed with rich cobweb, and there he spun out his wits, and sold them for bread; a fallen noble painted in order to mend his sad condition; and a theatrical man used to recite to his companions for a dinner, or a glass of brandy: there was also a master of languages, at five sous per lesson, who kept a decent table from his exertions.

Many of the prisoners had been there for a great number of years; they were all strangers except one, who had fraudulently secreted a large property, and who used to chuckle when he recounted how long he had kept his detainant out of his money, and that he never would pay him. One apartment containing four beds was chalked out in four compartments, for the purpose of giving each occupier an opportunity of inviting the tenants of the other three, and there was as much ceremony and eti-

quette in these invitations as you might expect to find at a ministerial dinner. The classes of society were not less marked out in this miserable abode than in the great world; and the nobility and gentry associated together, except in cases where a lost prodigal drank out his youth—and this is rare in France. The better to distinguish the *beau monde* from the herd, a certain corridor is named *la Chaussée d'Antin*, and this is considered a fashionable quarter of the prison, whilst the tradesman and handicraft may be supposed to inhabit the *Marais* or *la Cité*. Strange as it may appear,—yet the same passions and pursuits as distinguish men in public and private life, attach to the prison walls; ambition, avarice, pleasure, sensuality, folly, nay, even politics. A set of debtors were remarked for their distance and high-bearing, keeping aloof from, and looking down on their fellows; more than one miser begged for relief of all his acquaintance, and hid and hoarded up his money lest a suffering brother should apply for succour, whilst he was looking forward to be released without paying one farthing. The lover still cherished his wonted flame, and the epicure still scraped together all he could, and parted with his valuables and clothes in order to pamper his palate; some had made themselves accomplished cooks from the long practice of confinement, and the having nothing else to do; nay, some of them turned the honest penny by the culinary art acquired in the *Ste. Pélagie*.

One justice is due to the military who were prisoners there; one heart, one purse, and one will characterized them all; comrade was brother, and never did one comrade feel ease or pleasure alone; if a sister, or a cousin, or a sweetheart sent assistance to one, the others partook of it, nor were they without grand dinners and dances in their dirty cells, to provide for which they drank water and observed a very low diet for a month. Happy nation! and true the assertion of the poet, that

“ ———— where ignorance is bliss,  
’Tis folly to be wise.”

In one room the battles of various campaigns were fought over again, and those who represented them had been the living actors in them; in another politics ran so high that one would have thought the welfare of the state was in the hands of the combatants, who hoisted their standards, the one for the *Drapeau blanc*, the other for the *Constitutionnel*. The declaimer for liberty had been two years in prison; his opponent was more disinterested, and when he exclaimed, “*Vive le Roi, quand meme?*” I wished that I had possessed the means of transporting him from his dark recess, to

cheer the venerable monarch under the walls of his palace; for that faith and loyalty which is unshaken by poverty, by captivity, and by sufferings, is pure indeed.

Diversified as the characters were in this living panorama, and various as the causes of their contracting the engagements for which they were suffering, yet one circumstance attended all, they uniformly considered themselves unjustly incarcerated; one owed it to an usurious scoundrel, whom he would never pay; another was sacrificed to false friendship or inconstant love; the flinty hearted uncle of one had detained him to punish him for his amiable follies; a step-mother, by withholding the property of another, drove him into unavoidable debt, and betrayed him to the dogs of the law; one was kept out of the way that he might not marry; another was arrested in order to induce him to give his hand where his heart could not be of the party; then, “but for that unlucky *martingale*,” the debtor’s fortune had been made; and had there been a little more money to carry on such and such a speculation, the thing must have succeeded beyond all doubt. Thus do men lay a flattering unction to their souls to lull them into a forgetfulness of their own faults; and this blaming of fortune, chance, circumstance, and others to acquit guilty self, is as often found out of a prison as within it: indeed life in itself is but a prison, true love and freedom inhabit the realms of infinity.

Upon the whole the loss of liberty had (from all that I could remark) much less effect upon the French than it has upon the English; to a Briton melancholy mingles invariably with confinement, the best feelings are destroyed, good men are altered, and bad ones are vitiated to excess by it, but the Frenchman is light-hearted, patient, temperate, and easily amused; he is also full of hope, and bears a pride within him which prevents him from repining, and from giving a triumph thereby to his enemy; nor are the French very fond of arresting their countrymen, and I was informed that out of six thousand writs that issued in Paris, a very few hundred had been executed; but if the creditor be thus forbearing to a native, he is merciless to the stranger.—

“ Alas! alas!  
Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And he that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are! Oh! think on that!  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips.  
Like man new made.”

It would be painful to my reader to detail the cases of affliction within this dreary enclosure, I shall therefore, only mention my friend, and with him take leave of the subject.

Struggling against difficulties, this honourable officer had been for seven years endeavouring to exist upon the half-pay of his rank, having a wife and children to support; he had disoblged his rich relations, by marrying an amiable woman without fortune; this circumstance, which ought to have led them to assist him, was the cause of their desertion, and after he was reduced on half-pay, he had been driven from one country to another, in search of some spot where he could enjoy the necessities of life, and keep up an appearance, becoming his situation, on his small pitance. Until now he never could find such a retreat; he had gone to Paris in order to solicit the aid of a foreign nobleman, who, during the emigration, was under great obligations to him; but on arriving in the French metropolis, he found the Marquis had gone to England to pass the winter: he was willing to try Paris for a little while, but ran so short of cash, that he was at last arrested for the rent of his lodgings and some other necessary articles. In vain did he apply to his relations; at length I found a stranger to him, whose benevolence I interested in his behalf. During my many visits to the prisoner, I observed in him that dignified submission to misfortune here below, which exalts man above himself, however depressed his fortune, and I was by him convinced, that there is no character more worthy of esteem, consideration, and respect than the virtuous sufferer, except the noble hearted being who throws open the gates of captivity for him, and bids his sufferings end. The last day that I waited on my friend in his dungeon was one of the happiest of my life; I made my final observations on the theatre and performers of the Ste. Pélagie, but my remarks were less cool than on former occasions, for my pulse beat too high, and my eagerness to see the bars close for the last time on virtue liberated from the oppressive creditor's grasp, was too great to admit of any divided feeling.—The gate opened, I breathed a purer air, serenely sat on the features of the prisoner enlarged, and dignified composure marked his whole deportment—I had now my friend under my arm, we looked back, and exclaimed simultaneously,

“ Adieu! thou dreary pile.”

Never will the Ste. Pélagie be effaced from my remembrance, but may it soon crumble into dust, and a decent substitute be offered to the captive, native and stranger!

The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.

## THE NOVELIST.

### ADELAIDE DE MONTHILLIER.

THE Baron de Monthillier, the last remaining representative of an ancient and illustrious French house, after serving with honour in the armies of his sovereign, had retired, to spend, on his paternal domains, the evening of his days, and to superintend the education of his only daughter, the lovely Adelaide. She had been deprived, while yet an infant, of that greatest of all blessings to a youthful female—the care of a tender and accomplished mother. This circumstance had thrown a shade of melancholy over the character and pursuits of the Baron, and only in his daughter did he seem to acknowledge the tie which bound him to life. In her he beheld the only solace of his grief, and in watching her improvement he found the most pleasing occupation.—Nor was she unworthy of his care. Talents such as fall to the lot of few, a disposition the most engaging, and a form the most lovely, marked the rising years of Adelaide.

The Baron, his daughter, and her gover-nante, an elderly lady of elegant manners and accomplishments, the widow of an officer who had served under her present protector, had for many years composed the only inmates of the castle. At length, in the twelfth year of Adelaide's age, a new event introduced an addition to their domestic circle.

The only sister of the Baron had early in life formed an imprudent match,—for such the world presumes to call those connexions which are hallowed by affection, though not recommended by the meaner advantages of wealth or rank. Her husband was by birth a Swiss, in which country he possessed a small property, where his family lived happily, though not splendidly.

His sister had never ceased to be an object of warm affection to the Baron; but the hereditary pride of birth, and dislike of every thing like plebeian connexion, were among his strongest prejudices. His sister and her husband were equally, but more rationally proud, in disdaining to solicit what they deemed unworthily denied. No intercourse, therefore, had ever been maintained between the separated relatives. In the happiness of domestic duties, in the conversation of the man she loved, and in the education of her only son, this sister, however, never once found cause to regret the sacrifice of useless pomp for real, though humble happiness. But, in this life, there is no permanent felicity. Before their son, the little Theodore, had attained his seventh year, this kind husband and affectionate parent died.



To his widowed mother, Theodore now remained the only comfort, and to his education she directed all her care. For such a duty, both from ability and affection, no one could be better qualified; and her son was thus enabled to acquire accomplishments which would have graced any rank. But misfortune seemed to pursue the youthful sufferer. Scarcely had he attained his fourteenth year, when his mother, who had long been in a declining state, breathed her last. Thus, at an age when it is most important to bend the incipient passions to their proper objects, and to accustom them early to control,—at an age where so much may be done towards forming the future character, was he deprived of both his guardians. These were the only reflections that seriously disturbed the death-bed hours of his mother. She would not leave him, indeed, in want; but who was to watch over his growing years,—to conduct him, with honour and propriety, to manhood? “My brother,” she would say, “was ever generous and noble,—he once loved me; and though he in some measure disowned our little circle, because I preferred happiness to splendour, he never used me unkindly: surely he will not refuse the dying request of an only, and once-dear sister. He will not, he cannot, deny protection to her orphan child, whom, as the last act of her mortal existence, she recommends to his care.” Accordingly she traced, with trembling hand, a few lines to the Baron.—“Theodore, my child,” said she to her son, a few hours before her death, “when you have laid me by the side of your honoured father, bear this letter to France,—to your uncle the Baron de Monthillier; and, as you have ever been obedient to me, be equally submissive to what your uncle may determine. He is noble and generous; endeavour to merit his approbation, as you would have laboured to deserve my esteem.”

The Baron de Monthillier was one evening seated in the apartment where he usually spent that portion of the day with Adelaide and her aged governess, when he was informed that a youthful stranger wished to be introduced. Theodore—for it was he, dressed in the deepest mourning, tall and slender, yet elegant in person, his dark locks curling in profusion round a countenance sweet, indeed, in its expression, but still retaining the strong impress of recent sorrow—then advanced, and presented his mother’s letter. A struggle between pride and feeling seemed for a moment to agitate the mind of the Baron; but the kindlier affections soon obtained the mastery, and he folded his nephew to his bosom.

Theodore had not long been established an inmate in the family of his new protec-

tor, when he became a general favourite. In the handsome youth, the Baron beheld the image of a long-lost and beloved sister; and in admiring his noble and generous disposition, he almost forgot the imaginary stigma derived from his father’s plebeian birth. To the aged friend of his fair cousin, Theodore rendered himself no less agreeable, by the respectful manner in which he was ever solicitous to pay those attentions to which her years and sex entitled her,—attentions not less acceptable that circumstances no longer enabled her to command them. Respect is ever valued in proportion as it is voluntarily shown, and doubly grateful, in adverse fortune, to those whose undoubted right it once was.

Between the youthful cousins an intimacy still more delightful, an union still more close, was soon established, and cemented by the equality of age,—by the agreement of taste,—and, in some measure, by the similarity of their pursuit. While Theodore followed his severer studies, with ardent application, under a learned monk of a neighbouring monastery, he was not neglectful of more elegant accomplishments, the principles of which he had acquired from the instruction of his excellent mother. These were now prosecuted in company with Adelaide. Thus excited, he found himself capable of exertions hitherto unknown, or deemed unattainable. The books which they perused,—the languages which they studied,—the poets which they read together, possessed charms not to be discovered in their solitary and divided pursuits. Never did music breathe sounds so meltingly sweet. Scarcely, indeed, was there harmony to them, when they played not in accompaniment to each other. But above all, their walks, amid the beautiful and romantic scenery surrounding the chateau, constituted the most delicious moments of existence. Theodore being fully two years older than his cousin, and the age of the Baron, as also of Adelaide’s instructress, being such as leads to prefer repose, the youth was taught to consider himself as the protector of the young and lovely being who, on these occasions, clung to him for support. It was, in truth, a sight capable of awakening the deepest interest in their future fate, to behold two beings so young, so beautiful, so amiable, so pure, regarding each other with looks of unutterable affection; each beholding in the other all that was necessary to the happiness of both, yet unconscious whence these feelings sprung, save from the connexion of mere relationship.

Years thus flew rapidly away, unmarked in their flight, and both the cousins were approaching to that maturer age, when conscious Nature takes the alarm, yet leaves

the bosom ignorant of the cause of fear, and dubious of its own feelings. A warmer blush suffused the cheek of Adelaide when pressed by the lips of Theodore, in commendation of some sentiment which she had uttered, or observation she had made; and she dared not, as hitherto, yet knew not why, return his caresses. Again, when the hand of his fair cousin pressed affectionately, or by accident, that of the youth, a thrilling sensation, "half ecstasy, half pain," pervaded his whole frame; so sweet, yet so powerful, he hardly knew whether to court or to fear its indulgence. In short, both felt, without knowing it, that most delightful of all passions, a first, an early love,—a state of felicity in which the human breast can be placed but once, and which is perhaps the purest, the most unalloyed enjoyment which it is in this life destined to feel.

But such happiness must be transitory. Theodore was the first to discover the state of his mind, and to perceive his danger. External circumstances, indeed, forced this knowledge upon him, as the flush amidst the darkness of night may disclose to the mariner the ripple on those breakers of which he slumbered in forgetfulness. War had some time before been declared by France against Switzerland, and had continued to be carried on with that violence and cruelty which ever mark a contest between the oppressor and the oppressed, when the latter has once been roused to arms. Theodore loved dearly his country. He therefore began to consider it as dishonourable thus to forsake her in the hour of danger. What detained him in France? Alas! must he confess, even to his own heart, that Adelaide was the cause of his delay? He started at this discovery, as if an abyss had opened at his feet; and the reflections which naturally arose on the occasion filled his mind with anxiety and regret. He wished to be gone, yet knew not how to mention the subject to the Baron, who intended that his nephew should carry arms in the service of France, although reluctance to a separation had hitherto procrastinated that event. To have now entered into these views, or even to remain inactive, Theodore considered in the highest degree culpable; while his uncle's prejudices, in favour of this service, were, he knew, very great, and that the execution of the designs which he now meditated would for ever forfeit his friendship. But were not these views correct, and would not his sainted mother, whose dying words had inculcated obedience to his uncle, have approved them? In the meantime, he could only temporise, without resolving on any thing but to conceal his intentions both from Adelaide and from her father.

Circumstances, however, produced a crisis sooner than was anticipated. The melancholy and restraint now visible in the deportment of Theodore could not escape the observation of his cousin, whose penetration was rendered acute by the state of her own heart. One evening, while seated in a small summer house, which, standing on a romantic steep near the extremity of the grounds surrounding the chateau, usually terminated their walks, the cousins were insensibly betrayed into a conversation, which disclosed to each other their mutual love. Theodore alone concealed his intention of joining the patriot bands of his countrymen. "But, my dear Adelaide," continued he, "I must leave Monthillier! both prudence and duty dictate my departure. Your father will never consent to our union, and I cannot think for a moment of betraying the confidence of my benefactor, or your peace of mind. I am not worthy of you; I should then be less so.—When you no longer daily see me, your bosom will recover its wonted serenity." "Theodore, cruel Theodore!" replied Adelaide; "do you indeed wish to break my heart? Alas! how can I, even were it my desire, forget you? Have I not, for many happy years, been taught to love you as a brother? Wretched greatness! why should I not forsake all?—let me go with you to Switzerland,—your parents were happy there,—happy in each other—can we not be so likewise? Ah! what have I said?—wretch that I am, do I forget the duty which a father, a generous and indulgent father claims?" Here she burst into tears, and, covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; then resuming, in a calm and subdued tone of voice, "Theodore, you are right; duty and prudence demand our separation; obtain your uncle's approbation of your future plans, and the sooner you leave Monthillier the better for us both." A long silence was only interrupted by the opening of the door of a small *oratoire* attached to the summer-house, from which the Baron entered. Induced by the beauty of the evening, he had, contrary to his usual custom, extended his walk so far; and while engaged in his devotions, the youthful cousins entered the summer-house, to whose conversation he had thus been made an unwilling listener. The trembling lovers now concluded themselves lost, and falling on their knees before the Baron, each wished only to implore that his resentment would spare the other. What, then, was their surprise, when, looking with the kindest expression on both, the Baron addressed them: "Rise, my children, and in each other receive the reward of your virtue, and of your filial piety. Cherish those sentiments which have hitherto directed

your conduct. Theodore, in this trembling hand which I now place in thine, accept the only precious gift I have to bestow. Rank, birth, and wealth, are to be valued, when by our station in life, we have to maintain the dignity and the importance of a name which has descended unsullied to us from illustrious ancestors. Wealth I dispense with. Birth you can claim, at least on one side; rank you may obtain by merit. You are as yet an unknown youth; go and prove to the world that my choice is warranted by nobility of soul; in the ranks of honour acquire renown. You are both young; after a few years' service you may with propriety return to Monthillier, and to Adelaide. Surprise and astonishment kept Theodore silent; he could only kiss the hand which he still held, and press that of his benefactor to his heart. But short was this gleam of happiness, like the ray, which, for a moment, bursts through the stormy clouds. "I had written," continued the Baron, "without informing you, to the Duke de —, one of the princes of the blood, my former companion in arms, whose son has been appointed to lead the armies of France against these rebellious mountaineers of the Alps, and you are appointed one of his *aides-de-camp*."

Theodore, summoning all his courage, replied, "I cannot, my Lord, accept of this office. I am not insensible of your kindness, nor am I ungrateful: but I cannot, I dare not, even to gain your approbation, and to deserve Adelaide, fight against my own countrymen." "How, romantic boy!" exclaimed the Baron; "dost thou then maintain the part of traitors and rebels, because, forsooth, thou deemest barren mountains and rude glens a bond of union? Thou oughtest to reflect that I am interested in thy fortunes, only as the son of my sister, not as the offspring of a Swiss *propriétaire*; but I give you till to-morrow to fix your determination. Come, Adelaide;" and before the youth had time to answer, his uncle had departed with the weeping Adelaide.

Theodore, great as was the temptation, required not time to consider whether he ought to accept the conditions on which fortune, and, still more, happiness, was offered. After writing to his uncle, and putting himself in possession of the details respecting his little property, the same night beheld him on his way to his oppressed country.

Months rolled on without soothing the sorrows of Adelaide.

"Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,  
In the wide world, without the only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die:—  
Torn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!"

Nor was this sorrow lessened by the addresses of another suitor, in the son of the Count de —, whose domains lay contiguous to the lands of Monthillier. Her father, without pressing the match, gave her to understand, that a union in every respect so suitable would be agreeable to him. Externally, this young nobleman appeared to possess all the qualities which could render a woman happy; but this appearance of virtue was merely superficial: he was selfish and avaricious, though addicted to pleasure. He beheld, indeed, with admiration, the beauty of Adelaide; but her fortune was to him the greatest charm. Adelaide in part penetrated his character; but to the Baron he appeared unexceptionable, and his daughter only beheld, in delay, a dubious and temporary relief.

In the mean time, the power of the invaders proved irresistible in Switzerland; and Theodore, after exertions which had greatly signalized him, saw his unhappy country totally subdued. A wanderer and an exile, he was indebted for his personal safety, as well as present liberty, to the gratitude of the French commander—the very nobleman under whom he had been appointed to serve, whose life he had saved at the imminent risk of his own. The French General, attended only by a few officers, and a small escort, had advanced to some distance from his camp, for the purpose of observing the enemy's position. This being observed by Theodore, who held a conspicuous station among the patriot leaders, he quickly assembled an active and intrepid party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded, after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the General, and several of his officers, prisoners. A short time previous to this event, some Swiss officers either were, or were reported to have been, murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security. A bad action frequently requires only one vigorous opponent to be defeated. So it was on the present occasion, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, where he now possessed nothing, and actuated by that restless anxiety, which, in misery, urges us to revisit the scenes of former happiness, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Monthillier,—might he not be allowed to gaze for the last time on Adelaide, while he himself remained unseen? Such were his reflections; and the rays of the evening sun were falling brightly on the



little summer house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To this, except by going close to the castle, there was only one passage over a narrow bridge of wood, which here spanned the gulf at a great height above the torrent. By the shade of impending rocks and surrounding woods, this place was gloomy even at noon-day; but when the shadows of evening had closed around, the rustic bridge was involved in almost total darkness. By this path, which long habit rendered at all hours familiar to him, Theodore now entered those precincts so often trodden with pleasure, and soon found himself at the door of the elegant little building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

No one was there, but a book lay open on the table. This Theodore recognised as an Italian classic which he had frequently read with Adelaide. He pressed the unconscious volume to his lips, and to his bosom, and ere he was aware, Adelaide herself entered. In mute astonishment, she suffered him to take her hand, and lead her to a seat. She could not speak—tears at length came to her relief. Of many things did the lovers discourse, without coming to any resolution, save to meet again.

The interview had not passed without observation. The new lover of Adelaide had gained over to his purposes a confidential domestic in the family of the Baron. This person, agreeably to his instructions, watching every movement of Adelaide, had discovered the meeting of the cousins, and had also traced Theodore to a neighbouring cottage, where he intended to remain concealed for a few days, as he hoped soon to receive letters which might facilitate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Informed of Theodore's return, and of the meeting with Adelaide, the young Count set no bounds to his desire of vengeance, and resolved, at all hazards, to remove his rival. Yet he was at a loss how to proceed. Should he inform the Baron, the young lady would doubtless be confined; but this would rather increase her dislike to the author of such an outrage. Again, should he challenge his opponent,—for the Count was deficient, neither in skill, nor in that vilest of qualities which has obtained, through prejudice, the name of virtue—mere courage; still the consequences, as regarded the aversion of Adelaide, would be the same, while the issue might prove fatal to the contriver. No other method then remained, but to take off Theodore by some secret means.

In order to mature his purposes, he determined himself to be witness of the lovers' second interview. The sun was just sinking beneath the western horizon, when he beheld Theodore hasten along the narrow

and half-overgrown pathway across the deep ravine, and enter the summer-house. A few minutes after, Adelaide appeared in an opposite direction, proceeding from the castle. Still lurking amid the underwood, the Count continued to expect the termination of their conference. At length the youthful pair were seen advancing from the pavilion. They approached so close to the spot where the Count lay concealed, for he had come nearer, on purpose to overhear their discourse, that he caught the softness of Adelaide's voice, in a subdued manner, urging her lover to suffer in patience, adding, in such accents, as a ministering angel would employ to soothe the troubled soul, "My father is not inexorable, and the interest of those friends whom you mention I know to be great: at all events, the happiness of another interview awaits us—we meet again to-morrow." The sounds were now indistinct, but the Count had obtained the desired information. He continued to watch their motions. Theodore accompanied Adelaide till nearly within view of the castle; then bidding a hasty adieu, he struck into a more secluded path, which conducted to the bridge across the ravine, and thence to the cottage where he had fixed his temporary abode.

The Count now exulted in the certain prospect of accomplishing his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one way to pass; total darkness would then involve the bed of the torrent, and the bridge, by which alone it could be crossed. Nothing could be more easy, than, before the youth's return, to remove a few of the transverse planks composing the platform, and the hapless passenger would drop unseen, unheard, into the gulf beneath—the planks being restored, the secret of his fate would remain concealed from all.

The evening sun shone brightly, with "farewell sweet," as the Count, too faithful to his purpose, repaired to his lurking-place. Not long after, Theodore was seen advancing with ardent and impatient steps—possibly unconscious of every thing but the delight of meeting Adelaide: nor were his anticipations disappointed. Scarcely had he attained the walk leading to the pavilion, when she appeared, and both entered. The Count eyed the place with a look of savage joy, as the couching tiger glares upon the prey now within its spring. As darkness advanced, he proceeded to remove the boards, which he had previously loosened, from the fatal bridge, leaving a yawning chasm in the narrow footway over the deepest part of the abyss.

In the mean time, the lovers were delighting themselves with prospects of future happiness, which now, indeed, seemed no

longer delusive. Theodore had that day received letters from the Prince de ———, the French commander, whose life he saved in Switzerland. This generous friend had not forgotten the obligation, and had so represented the matter to his Sovereign, that Theodore's little estate was not only restored, but the King had invested him with the honour of knighthood, and farther offered him an honourable rank in his army. Theodore could now have no objection to accept of these favours, and the only remaining difficulty was to obtain the consent and forgiveness of his uncle. Of this Adelaide did not despair, as she believed her father had also received letters to the same import, for he had that day, for the first time since his departure, mentioned the name of Theodore; saying, "he was happy to hear, for his own sake, that the youth had not acted so dishonourably as he had been led to believe." It was therefore determined that Theodore should immediately request an interview with the Baron, and that Adelaide should expect the result in the pavilion.

The interview between the relatives was cordial; many things, however, were to be explained, and considerable space elapsed in the conference between Theodore and his uncle.

Adelaide, in the interval, could not feel composed, while her happiness was thus at stake, and her future life trembling on the point of decision. Tired of repose, she began to pace the small apartment included within the circuit of the pavilion. Motion of body, she thought, gave her mind ease, and she continued her walk in the open air. In this state of anxiety, every place was alike indifferent, and every spot equally well known. Without surprise, then, for it was at no great distance from the summer-house, she found her steps had been unconsciously directed to the rustic bridge. "The fresh air will cool my feverish brow," thought she, and advanced. Her light foot was heard for a moment on the platform—it ceased—a faint and convulsive shriek—a heavy plunge sounding for an instant, above the roar of the torrent, told the fate of the young and lovely victim.

The Baron and Theodore were now reconciled. Every thing had been explained to the old man's satisfaction. "But where is Adelaide!" said he, with impatient satisfaction in his accents; "why does not she participate in the happiness of this moment?" "I will go call her," said Theodore; "my cousin waits in the pavilion." They were at this time in a recess formed by a corner turret, built on the very verge of the rock on which the castle stood, and where two windows overlooked the stream. At this moment something white, floating on its surface, caught the eye of Theodore. A sad

presentiment seized his mind,—he rushed from the apartment, descended the rocks with fearful rapidity, and clasped the body of the lifeless Adelaide.

What words can describe the frantic grief of the hapless lover, or the speechless sorrow of the aged parent! Happily the sufferings of the latter were of short duration. He died before the morning rays dawned on his wretchedness.

Three days did Theodore watch the beloved remains, in silent and solitary woe. On the fourth, the funeral obsequies were solemnized. When the last of the hallowed mould had been placed upon their graves, and when the crowd of mourners was now lessening, "Hast thou at last broken?" exclaimed the youth, speaking for the first time, and laying his hand on his heart, as he sunk upon the ground. Then, in scarcely audible accents, "Lay me," said he, "by Adelaide," and expired.

The wretch who had occasioned all these calamities had alone been privy to his own machinations. But the confession of the Baron's domestic, whom he had seduced to act as a spy, was sufficient to implicate him in suspicion. The Count was therefore arrested, and, agonized by remorse, at last voluntarily confessed his guilt. Between his sentence and execution, however, reason deserted her throne; a raving maniac, he survived many years, a fearful example of the effects of crime, and enduring a punishment more terrible than death itself.

## THE ESSAYIST.

### A PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR.

THE first consideration with a professional author is, what his writings will produce, and how he may most profitably transmute the productions of his genius or talents into the current coin of the realm. At this confession, the pampered sons of luxury and wealth, no less than that drivelling class of effeminate sentimentalists who view the affairs of the world through the haze of their own hallucinations, may turn up their eyes in astonishment: but it is not the less true for their wonderment. Johnson, who was tolerably disciplined to the trade of author, persisted to the last in maintaining that no man would write but for money, and that the pecuniary recompence of his literary labours was more acceptable to him than the collateral fame he had derived from them. He spoke with the feelings of a professional author. The "fine frenzies" of dilettanti litterateurs were utterly incomprehensible to that great man's mind. Nor was he singular in that respect. Stern reality paralyzes the wings of imagination, and disenchantments that dreamy, soporiferous delusion,



in which literary voluptuaries are prone to indulge. When a man has to provide for those of his own house, and to gain his bread by the sweat of his brain, he is not particularly obnoxious to sentimental enthusiasm. Literature is to him what law, physic, and divinity, are to the lawyer, the physician, and the parson,—a profession by which he must live, in the first place, and earn fame in the next, if he can.

But the trade of author is necessarily the most precarious of all professions. It is dependent on a thousand contingencies, from which almost every other is exempt.—While men are litigious, the lawyers will prosper; while they contrive to contract disease, there is no fear of the doctors; while they retain a remnant of religion, the parson will fatten on his tithes; while they put clothes on their backs, the spinner, weaver, dyer, merchant, and last, not least, poor sloop, will each and all have their pence; and as these wants are indestructible, so are the employments to which they give rise. But how stands the case with literature? It is a pure luxury, which the great herd of mankind can do very well without; and, like all luxuries, exposed to the ever-varying caprices of taste and fashion. What is the rage to-day, may be condemned to-morrow. Now all mankind read poetry; now it is a very drug in the market. At one time the public taste demands to be fed with solids; at another, with flummery and syllabub. At present, the whole mass of the "reading public" have taken to Magazines and Reviews; nothing will go down but high-wrought descriptions, piquant essays, and laboured buffoonery: solid literature is consigned to a few miserable pedants, who have been gradually elbowed out of the way by the spruce bucks of the new school; the age of thinking and reasoning is "numbered with the years beyond the flood." Hence the whole *posse comitatus* of authors have become Magaziners and Reviewers; even Campbell has deserted the Muse of Liberty, and become the serf of Colburn.

Now, it is easy to see what must be the effects of such revolutions in public taste upon the fate and fortunes of many poor fellows, who cannot, Proteus-like, metamorphose their faculties into that particular form best adapted to the existing mode. Their productions, if not altogether unsaleable, must be disposed of at a prodigious discount. The book-sellers, "the real patrons of literature," turn a deaf ear to their supplications; and the damnatory laconism, "It won't sell," freezes the life-blood of the poor author, and "makes him curse the hour in which he dared to interfere with" literature. To embitter his misery, and evenom the wound that rankles in his soul, while he finds the offspring of his own toil contemned

and despised, he sees the arrantest trumpey sailing down triumphantly on the tide of public favour, with the mob patrons of literature shouting in its wake; and while he asks for bread, and receives, perhaps, a stone, the chink of the golden shower that descends on the cunning artificer of nonsense affects him as the rushing sound of water does the traveller perishing of thirst in the Sahara.

If our feeble admonition would be listened to, we would say, Let no man pursue literature as a profession. It is the worst species of gambling. It is a lottery in which the blanks are as countless as the sand; the prizes "few, and far between." It is a trade which promises little to ambition, and more frequently purveys for misery. It sears and scathes the mind by care and disappointment, and unfits it for the full display of its native powers. It is the forlorn hope of life, where the reckless and the desperate will adventure, while the truly brave will reserve their exertions for the regular struggle. If, as the preface to his Dictionary testifies, Johnson narrowly escaped shipwreck in this dangerous region, how can inferior men hope to navigate it in safety? If the royal bounty alone enabled him to spend the evening of his life in comfort, who, for all his fame, would encounter the hazard of poverty, dependence, and sorrow, from which kingly generosity so opportunely relieved him?

The cultivation of literature by those who, instead of depending on it for bread, look to it merely as a relaxation from severer employments, or as a means of guarding against that *tedium vite* which but too frequently usurps the place of care, in the minds of those who, saturated with wealth, have nothing left but to enjoy life, is altogether different from the compulsory application to which we have already alluded, and can never exert any but a benignant influence. It expands, liberalizes, and polishes the mind; it gives a tone of elegance and refinement to manners—*emollit mores*; it supplies inexhaustible matter for improving and agreeable conversation; it sweetens the good, and soothes the evil of life; it banishes bad thoughts from the mind, and supplies their place with better; and altogether it elevates, adorns, and sublimates the frame of the general mind.

Though violent winds may be essential to the purification of the atmosphere, yet the softness of the zephyr is in its proper season of equal utility. An elephant for a turnspit, or a steam-engine for a jack, may be useful in roasting a Mammoth for a dinner of giants; or a hurricane be necessary for turning their windmills; but they are not expedient means for the ordinary purposes of man, as he really is.

# THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE, AND POETRY.

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

My child was beautiful and brave !  
An opening flower of spring ;  
He moulders in a distant grave,  
A cold, forgotten thing—  
Forgotten ! yes, by all but me,  
As e'en the best belov'd must be—  
Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

Methink'st had been a comfort now  
To have caught his parting breath,  
Had I been near, from his damp brow  
To wipe the dews of death—  
With one long, lingering kiss, to close  
His eyelids for the last repose—  
Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

I little thought such wish to prove,  
When cradled on my breast,  
With all a mother's cautious love,  
His sleeping lids I prest—  
Alas ! alas ! his dying head  
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—  
Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

They told me Vict'ry's laurels wreathed  
His youthful temples round ;  
That "Vict'ry !" from his lips was breathed  
The last exulting sound—  
Cold comfort to a mother's ear  
Who long'd his living voice to hear !  
Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

Ev'n so thy gallant father died,  
When thou, poor orphan child !  
A helpless prattler at my side,  
My widow'd grief beguiled—  
But now, bereaved of all in thee,  
What earthly voice shall comfort me ?  
Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

ANON.

## DOMESTIC LOVE.

Domestic Love ! not in proud palace halls  
Is often seen thy beauty to abide :  
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,  
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;  
With hum of bees around, and from the side  
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,  
Shining along through banks with harebells  
dyed—  
And many a bird to warble on the wing,  
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and  
earth doth fling.

O ! love of loves !—to thy white hand is given  
Of earthly happiness the golden key !  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's Even,  
When the babes cling around their father's  
knee ;  
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea  
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast  
come,  
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy  
plume !

CROLY.

## LINES TO —.

The hour is come—the cherish'd hour,  
When from the busy world set free,  
I seek at length my lonely bower,  
And muse in silent thought on thee.

And, O ! how sweet to know that still,  
Though sever'd from thee widely far,  
Our minds the self-same thought can fill—  
Our eyes yet seek the self-same star.

Compulsion from its destin'd course  
The magnet may awhile detain,  
But when no more withheld by force,  
It trembles to its north again.

Thus, though the idle world may hold  
My fetter'd thoughts awhile from thee,  
To thee they spring, when uncontroll'd,  
In all the warmth of liberty.

The faithful dove, where'er by day  
Through fields of air her pinions rove,  
Still seeks, when daylight dies away,  
The shelter of her native grove.

So at this calm, this silent hour,  
Whate'er the daily scenes I see,  
My heart (its joyless wand'rings o'er)  
Returns unalter'd still to thee.

ANON.

## BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd :  
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and  
vale,  
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the  
rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !  
He comes with the spoils of nations back ;  
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track ;  
The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous wood to tell ;  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky ;  
And the bright world shut from his languid  
eye.

They will bear him a thought of the sunny  
hours, [wild flowers,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers,

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to  
wear !

They were born to blush in her shining hair.  
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth ;  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young  
bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed  
A crown for the brow of the early dead !  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose  
burst ;

For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd.

Though they smile in vain for what once was  
ours, [flowers.  
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale  
Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in  
prayer ;  
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart ;  
With a voice of promise they come and part.  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours ;  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring  
flowers.

MRS. HEMANS.

SONG.

The wine is red, the lamps are bright,  
And gems and jewels glance,  
Where Ladies with their Loves to-night,  
Are mingling in the dance :  
But, ah ! the music's softest swells  
No gladness bring to me—  
The Land of mists and heather-bells  
Is far beyond the sea !

I sought the grove where fire-flies gleam,  
'Mong rinds of red and gold,  
To banish from my mind the dream ;  
But still the days of old,  
The glens, the moors, the mountain-fells,  
Came back again to me ;—  
The Land of mist and heather-bells,  
Beyond the Northern sea.

This Land is rich with all the hues  
And treasures of the spring ;  
Around my path, 'mong moonlight dews,  
The ceaseless insects sing :  
But still my lingering spirit dwells  
With one who walk'd with me  
'Mong misty moors and heather-bells,  
Beyond the Northern sea !

Brazil.

J. H.

THE MINSTREL'S HOUR.

When day is done, and clouds are low,  
And flowers are honey-dew,  
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow  
Along the Western blue,  
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,  
Then comes the hour the Minstrel loves.

Far in the dimness curtain'd round,  
He hears the echoes all  
Of rosy vale, or grassy mound,  
Or distant waterfall ;  
And shapes are on his dreaming sight,  
That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze  
The forest's deepening shade,  
He hears on Tuscan evening seas  
The silver serenade :  
Or, to the field of battle borne,  
Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between,  
To him is but the light  
That, from some lady's bower of green,  
Shines to her pilgrim knight ;  
Who feels her spell around him twine,  
And hastens home from Palestine.

O, if some wandering peasant's song  
Comes sweeten'd from the vale,  
He hears the stately, mitred throng  
Around the altar's pale ;  
Or sees the dark-eyed nuns of Spain,  
Bewitching, blooming, young, in vain.

And thus he thinks the hour away  
In sweet, unworldly folly ;  
And loves to see the shades of gray,  
That feed his melancholy :  
Finding sweet speech and thought in all,  
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall !

CROLY.

WHY DO WE LOVE ?

I often think each tottering form,  
That limps along in life's decline,  
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,  
As full of idle thought as mine—

And each has had his dream of joy,  
His own unequal'd pure romance ;  
Commencing when the blushing boy  
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,  
And think its scenes of love evince  
More passion, more unearthly truth,  
Than any tale before, or since.

Yes—they could tell of tender lays,  
At midnight penn'd in classic shades ;  
—Of days more bright than modern days ;  
—Of maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,  
Of kisses on a blushing cheek ;  
(—Each kiss—each whisper far too dear  
—Modern lips to give, or speak.)

Of prospects too, untimely cross'd,  
Of passion slighted or betray'd ;  
Of kindred spirits early lost,  
And buds that blossom'd but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,  
—Elastic form and noble brow ;  
And charms—that all have pass'd away,  
And left them—*what we see them now !*

And is it so !—Is human love  
So *very* light and frail a thing ?  
And must youth's brightest visions move,  
For ever on Time's restless wing ?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,  
And all the lips that talk of bliss,  
And all the forms so fair to-night,  
Hereafter—only come to this ?

Then what are Love's best visions worth,  
If we at length must lose them thus ?  
If all we value most on earth,  
Ere long must fade away from us ?

If that *one* being whom we take  
From all the world, and still recur  
To *all she* said—and for her sake  
Feel far from *joy*, when far from her—

If that *one* form which we adore  
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,  
Soon withers—and is seen no more,  
—Why do we love—if *love be* rain ?



**New-York Literary Gazette.**

*Epistle from a Gouty Invalid to his friend  
in the country.*

DEAR BOB,

Do you recollect how active and light of limb I was two years ago, when I rattled off a few weeks of existence at your delightful —— Hill? Do you remember how I used to jump over your fences, wade through your creek, and swim across the beautiful lake at the south-east corner of your estate—how I lamed your blood horse Revenge, by galloping him fifteen miles over the roughest road in Christendom—how I broke your new tilbury into at least a million of pieces, on that same road, for the express purpose, as I then informed you, of proving that you knew nothing about philosophy in sneering at the Atomic System of Democritus? Did I not tell you, one evening, as we sat in your library, wrangling about cosmogony, over a bottle of old Port, that every thing in the world, and the world itself, was formed of an infinite number of atoms—and did you not laugh at what you were pleased to term my crack-brained philosophy, and tell me that Leucippus and Democritus were a couple of fools? Did I not go out the next morning in your tilbury, and did not your Arabian grey make his appearance at the gate, in half an hour, with the harness on his back and the shafts dangling, in some amazement, at his heels? Did you not sally forth in affright, and find me and the tilbury, in a ditch, both so astounded at our fall that, as Billy Lackaday says, “we didn’t know which was which?” And did I not triumphantly point to the fragments of the vehicle as a practical proof that every thing in the world is resolvable into *atoms*?

Ah! Bob—those were happy days; I was then all activity and motion, and you were wont to say, “Felix, your name is significant of your disposition.” I verily believe there was not a squirrel in your woods, or a partridge in your dells, that did not know me and my double-barrelled fowling-piece. How your old negro, honest Pompey, who always was my attendant in my sporting excursions, used to grin, when I brought down a bird on the wing, and exclaim as he thrust it into the game-bag, “dat no bad shot, Massa Felix!” and how he used to complain

to his fellow-servants at night, after I had led him a day’s tramp, over mountain, meadow, and moor, through brake, brush, and brier, across swamp, marsh, and brook, that “Massa Felix worry de life out of old Pomp,” and conclude with a wish that “de debbil had Massa Felix’s feet and den Pomp would hab some rest.” Even your fleet dog Lyon, more than once lost his patience, and looked as if he mentally concurred with the wish of Pompey the dark.

Bob, I shall never bring down bird or draw trigger again, unless it be to blow out my brains. Tell your quails that they may whistle for me, but I shall not come—tell Revenge that he is revenged, for I am as lame as he is—tell Pomp and Lyon that they have got their wish respecting my feet; and tell yourself that your friend Felix, is very *in-felix*. Fate, having no use for me, has laid me up in ordinary, as government lays up its ships which it does not need for service. Both my feet are of as little use to me, as the *one* of the Marquis of Anglesea, which lies beneath a lofty monument, is to his lordship. I have got the arthritis, the podagra, as my doctors call it—in plain English, I have got the gout. There’s a catastrophe for you, Bob, to which Job’s troubles were a trifle. To be arrested in the noon-day march of life by a lurking demon who, it seems, is a part of my constitution, and who cannot be struck off by a convention, like the peccant parts of the constitution of the state of New-York—to be imprisoned in an arm chair—to wear flannel-wrappers instead of boots—to be dosed with Wilson’s tincture—to be carried like a horse, and rubbed with opodeldoc—to have my toes burning in the tropic and my sides shivering in the polar zone—to receive the soothing intelligence from my physician that my disorder is one that seldom proves fatal, and of course to be cut off from all hope *that way*,—think of all this, Bob, and then bless your stars that the only complaint you have ever had, is a quiet and gentle consumption. You are declining easily and gradually, and have some chance of coughing yourself to death in about five years; but I must sit here, I know not how long, while a malignant little fiend sits in the opposite corner of my room, and ever and anon shoots a fiery arrow into the ball of my great toe.

You can have no idea, Bob, of the intolerable torments suffered by the arthritic—fancy a pair of red-hot pincers, a red-hot saw, a red-hot augur, and a red-hot hammer, all employed in their respective vocations upon your toe, and you will have some faint idea of what your unlucky Felix has undergone. And then, add to this, a perfect confidence that all this is unmerited on the part of the sufferer—that he is atoning for his “ancestral faults” and not for his own; is it not intolerable? Oh why did my grandfather put so much pepper and mustard on his roast-beef? And why must I, who abhor pepper, execrate mustard, and forswear pickles, be thus their victim? Why must the sins of my ancestor's palate be visited on my feet? I declare to you, old crony, that notwithstanding my very humane disposition, I should deem it much more consistent, had my progenitor suffered for his own sins, for I have quite enough of my own wherewithal to be burthened; and many a reproachful and unfilial apostrophe has burst from my lips, while the paroxysms were “in the full tide of successful experiment” with my toes. However, there is one satisfaction left—my grand-children will come in for a share of this *foot-legacy*, which is pretty nearly all the inherited estate I ever came by—so let the young rascals look out for their understanding.

Bob, you are somewhat of a philosopher—you pretend to be a modern Zeno: I have heard you reason by the hour on the high, patient, and inflexible stoicism which calmly submits to pain, and politely shakes hands with agony—I have heard you expatiate on the theme, with a bottle of old Madeira before you and a fragrant cigar in your mouth, the smoke of which spread around your untroubled face, like tranquillity enwreathing happiness. But, Bob, do you suppose Zeno ever had the gout? or do you think that any of his conceited gang were not robust and healthy men, who had never known a day of sickness or pain? Nay, to strike you dumb, (for if I do not, I know that you will send me a philosophical letter and a copy of Epictetus,) do you not remember that once upon a time, you were seized by a sudden tooth-ache, just as you had asserted, in the most dogmatical manner, that pain was altogether a thing of the imagina-

tion? Do you recollect your sudden ejaculation, “Curse it, what *has* got into my tooth”? Do you remember how you raved and stamped and swore, and threw the decanter at my head, for telling you that pain was imaginary; that a high and great mind should not condescend to show the least sympathy for the vile earthly tenement in which it is imprisoned? Do you remember how hurriedly old Pompey was despatched for Dr. Break-jaw, and how furiously you kicked over chairs and tables, until the worthy Doctor extracted the square root from your gums, and held it before your eyes, vowing that its prongs were as “long as a pitchfork”? Remember this, my boon companion, and keep your philosophy to yourself, until I shall have become able to stand by my arguments.

The worst part of my troubles is to be found in the Job's comfort which I receive. One of my friends, upon hearing of my attack, called, in high glee, to congratulate me on the prospect of a long life—another, considering me now good for nothing, except for a barometer, whenever he is about making a jaunt, sends his servant to ask me what sort of weather we shall have the next day. Others bore my ears with that abominable gimblet, called *resignation*—“It's well it's no worse”—“be thankful it isn't in your stomach”—“it is very fortunate that your general health does not decay.” Now, Bob, is not this too much? Be thankful because my toe is steeped in Phlegethon! When the moisture of pain is in big drops on my forehead, I must rejoice because they do not drown me! When my foot is under a cart-wheel, I must felicitate myself that it is not my head! For the love of mercy, Bob, if you come all the way from —— Hill to see me, don't come with the intent to offer me consolation—come and quarrel with me, call me hard names, box my ears, tread on my toes, laugh at my contortions, abuse my character—do any thing but offer me consolation, or, notwithstanding the love I bear you, I shall break my crutch upon your skull, and abjure a friendship which I have ever found faithful and true, through many a year of alternate prosperity and disaster. In particular, my old crony, refrain from talking to me about fortitude and patience—all that

will do very well after I shall have become very well, but until then, do not conjure before me the

"Demons heroic,  
Demons who bore  
The form of the stoic  
And sophist of yore,"

for I shall certainly treat them with great disrespect, and you will get little thanks from them and from me for your trouble. I know already all that you will say to me—you will talk about the glorious fortitude of the young Roman, who held his hand in the flames till it was consumed\*—and pray how long a period of suffering did he go through before his hand was well roasted? probably two or three minutes, while my foot has been in the flames two months, and what is worse, it *will* not be consumed; it has all the imperishability of asbestos. You will talk about Regulus, in his cask of nails, and with his lidless eyes, scorching beneath the sultry sun; but let me tell you, if the Carthaginians had given Regulus the gout, they would have soon brought the stubborn old Roman to terms. You may spare your examples, Bob, none of them are in point, and you will bring them to a bad market.

Numerous and fantastic are the nervous whims of the arthritic. After the first fury of the onset, when I had become capable of enduring a little motion, I was placed in my arm-chair and had it wheeled to the window, that I might see what was going on in the world. I looked upon the beautiful sky with its floating banners of clouds, to contemplate whose various folds, and hues, and forms, was ever my delight. There they were in all their glory, and amongst them the god of day was travelling in triumph, gilding some and dispersing others, with his empyreal beams. While I was rapturously feasting on the sight, I observed a long-limbed, heavy-footed man coming along on the opposite side of the street. I was in immediate alarm for my toes—I was sure he would tread on them—the width of the street, the brick wall, and second story of the house, were no protection against such

\* This act of Mutius has been praised, almost as much as the assassin blow of Brutus. And what was it, in reality? A brave deed, undoubtedly, but a deed of fool-hardy vanity: or, perhaps, of furious rage at the failure of his attempt. He burned his hand, in order to show Porcenna what the Romans were capable of enduring. A more useless act of courage could not well be conceived.

interminable legs—what was I to do? I could not run away, and I had no fire-arms wherewith to shoot my annoyer; he passed—I was in agony, but by a most lucky chance my foot escaped demolition—I watched him, in doubtful apprehension, till he turned the corner of Greenwich-street, and I then sunk back in my chair, overcome by so joyous a deliverance. If I ever meet that man, I shall quarrel with him!

And now, Bob, good night; in five minutes I shall drink your health, in fifteen drops of Wilson's Tincture, *cum aqua, quant. suff.* "Nunc est bibendum"—oh, that I could add

"nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus."

FELIX FIREBALL.

#### IDLE HOURS.

Mistakes are often made by superficial observers, in forming their judgments of the habitual feelings and general disposition of a writer, from his productions. The gayest and the most lively essays, are frequently the result of a temporarily successful effort to escape from pain and sorrow. In such circumstances, mirth is distilled from tears. It was under the most lamentable and wretched depression of mind, that Cowper composed "John Gilpin"—the droll and fantastic doggerel of Swift, was written when he was the prey of misanthropy and discontent; and it is more than probable that the gayest flights of "Don Juan" originated in the gloomiest and most desolate hours of the noble and generous Byron. No others are so keenly alive to the enjoyment of the ludicrous, as those whose general feelings partake deeply of the tragic—they flee to it as a relief from the monotonous gloom and wasting melancholy of their habitual thoughts—they cling to it with feverish fondness, from a fore-knowledge of the sadness which will arise in contrast, at the departure of mirth. To such, the wisest of men alludes, when he says, "Even in laughter, the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Burns confessed in one of his letters, that his object in seeking society was to escape from constitutional melancholy—but those who were fascinated by his won-



mental powers of conversation, little thought that all his liveliness, wit, and energy, arose less from a love of display than from dread of solitude. In solitude, says Harold, "man must strive,

"With demons who impair  
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey  
In bare and desolated bosoms"—

But though the language of pleasure may be as false as pleasure itself, it may perhaps be safely said, that the language of sorrow, like sorrow, is true.\* There is no mistaking the language of true and habitual melancholy, from that which is feigned, or occasional; and here, there is much more safety in inferring the character of an author from his writings. It is the same with lofty, honourable, and proud thoughts; they can never originate in a base, low, and degenerate mind.

*To our Subscribers.* The investigation which has been made of the conduct of our late clerk, who had also the charge of the delivery of the papers, has proved him guilty of the most unprincipled behaviour, and the most shameful deception. If those of our subscribers who were aware of his gross mismanagement, had been more prompt in affording us information, we should have long ago made the discovery of his excessive abuse of the confidence we necessarily reposed in him.

Our new carriers are men who have followed the carrier-business for years, and who have maintained good characters for faithfulness and honesty; and our new clerk will, we are sure, prove that he possesses a different character from his predecessor. The carriers' lists have been put in order, but as there is a possibility of some mistakes, in the outset, it is our request that notice may be given promptly, should any occur, that they may at once be rectified.

*To Correspondents.* The "Bachelor of Arts" is right welcome, and shall appear next week. Bachelor though he be, we hope he will steadily pay his addresses to his pen.

We would advise "Conrad" to publish his verses in some tropical country—they would refrigerate at least one volcano.

"Sinbad" sins worse than Searson himself—we do hope that if he ever again attempts to ride upon Pegasus, the noble steed will kick his brains out.

X. C. C. shall appear—C. T. shall not.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

Mr. Brooks,

I was delighted with the increasing respect for useful learning, manifested by a recent vote of our city council, for each member to supply himself with a valuable atlas, at the public expense. In my wish to see this regard for intelligence carried a little farther, the thought struck me whether it would not be desirable for voters to elect in all the wards, as is now done in so great a majority, men who have acquired the rudiments of education previous to acquiring their official dignity.

THEODORE THINKER.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Audi alteram partem.* We lately published a letter from the Post Master General, referring to the post master at Litchfield. The son of this gentleman has addressed a letter to the editors of a weekly paper, which we cheerfully republish in our columns. A son, vindicating the character of a father, deserves respect and attention, and every editor, who is not destitute of common justice and common feelings who has published the letter of the P.M.G. will unhesitatingly give place to the following comment upon it.

New-Brunswick, N. J. Jan. 19, 1826.

GENTLEMEN:—With heartfelt emotions of regret and of surprise, I have just perused the article in your paper of the 14th instant, relative to the recent appointment of a Post Master at Litchfield, Con. The cause of these feelings, and my excuse for troubling you with this note, is the fact of my being the son of the individual whose name appears in the article alluded to. As the son of a deeply injured parent, I should be inexcusable in now remaining silent, as you would be, Messrs. Editors, were you to refuse me a hearing in your paper.

\* This turn of expression is borrowed from Moore.

"Love nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,  
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true."

While I freely confess to you, Gentlemen, that I cannot for a moment entertain the supposition that you were fully aware, when you admitted into your columns the article alluded to, how wholly unmerited was the injury you were giving the character of Mr. Bunce, whose name you have gravely introduced to your readers as justly lying under the imputation of that array of charges contained in the Post Master General's letter; I must at the same time be permitted the expression of an humble opinion, that the manner in which you have alluded to that most singular transaction, and introduced the name of my father in connexion with it, was, to say the least of it, highly improper and unjustifiable, as you surely must have been sensible that it would give rise to wrong conclusions and impressions on the subject in the minds of your readers.

But, Gentlemen, my intention in this note is not to enter into a philippic against you for giving publicity to the article in question, or to mourn over the consequences which may result from it. My object is to endeavour to repair the injury, in doing which I shall be as brief as possible.

Four or five years since, the management of the Post Office at Litchfield was placed in the hands of Mr. Bunce, the then incumbent having become incapable of discharging the duties of the office in a proper manner. The office was entirely and exclusively under the charge of Mr. B. and the duties of it performed by him to the perfect and universal satisfaction of the people in the vicinity, from that time until last January, when, contrary to the wishes and expectation of the inhabitants of the town generally, the *nominal* Post Master suddenly took the office from Mr. B's hands into his own again. But circumstances, which it is unnecessary to mention, having obliged the Post Master to resign his office in the latter part of the ensuing spring, and the office thereby becoming vacant, the friends of Mr. B. made exertions to procure him the appointment. He was strongly recommended as successor in the office by many of the most distinguished and influential characters in the state, (among whom was the Governor, who resides at Litchfield) as well as a great portion of the most respectable part of the inhabitants of the town. He was also nominated by the whole Connecticut delegation in both houses of Congress, just before the close of the last session, who went in a body to the P.M.G. and requested him to appoint Mr. B. when the office should become vacant, which was expected to take place in a short time, by the resignation of the then incumbent. The P.M.G.'s promise to that effect was obtained, and he also subsequently pledged himself to be-

stow the office upon Mr. B. who therefore confidently relied upon receiving the appointment.

But as the period when the office was to become vacant, and a successor appointed, drew near, a few persons in the vicinity, of the opposite political party, and from motives which had their origin in private personal hostility to my father, formed the determination of defeating his appointment, and procuring the office for another individual whom they set up in opposition to him, and recommended to the P.M.G. as a proper person to fill the office. Every exertion which the most inveterate enmity to my father, and a desperate determination to effect their object at every sacrifice, could devise, was put in requisition to prevent his receiving the appointment. As my object in this note does not render it essential for me to give a particular account of the means they made use of in effecting their object, I refrain from a detail of them. Suffice it to say, they were successful. The result was, the P.M.G. refused to appoint Mr. Bunce, notwithstanding he had repeatedly promised to do it, and subsequent to these promises had received the most unequivocal testimony to the qualifications and character of my father, in the recommendation of hundreds of persons of the first respectability and standing residing within the delivery of the office, and as an excuse for so doing, gravely tells him that his opponents have preferred against him that most ridiculous string of charges contained in your last paper—allegations most of which carry on the very face of them their own refutation—allegations against a man who has for ten or twelve years been the editor of a public journal, and the same length of time a practitioner at law; who has, at different times, been Post Master himself, and had the management of a Post Office in his hands, for eight or ten years, and for four or for five years a magistrate in the town where he resides.

With due respect, Gentlemen,  
I remain yours, &c.

GEORGE M. BUNCE.

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